2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita*
Moſt dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'ſt ſlaine
The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as ſtrong
As it is white, waſt neere to make the male
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour
Firſt nature ſtilde it in, ſhrunke thee into
The bownd thou waſt ore-flowing; at once ſubduing
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireſſe
That equally canſt poize ſternenes with pitty,
Whom now I know haſt much more power on him
Then ever he had on thee, who ow'ſt his ſtrength,
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glaſſe of Ladies
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth ſcortch,
Vnder the ſhaddow of his Sword, may coole us:
Require him he advance it ore our heades;
Speak't in a womans key: like ſuch a woman
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he i'th blood cizd field, lay ſwolne
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone
What you would doe.

Hip. Poore Lady, ſay no more:
I had as leife trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I ſo willing, way. My Lord is taken
Hart deepe with your diſtreſſe: Let him conſider;
Ile ſpeake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*
Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied
Melts into drops, ſo ſorrow wanting forme
Is preſt with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray ſtand up,
Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. *Qu.* O woe,
You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,
Like

Like wrinckled peobles in a glaſſe ſtreame
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alacke)
He that will all the Treaſure know o'th earth
Muſt know the Center too; he that will fiſh
For my leaſt minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O pardon me;
Extremity that ſharpens ſundry wits
Makes me a Foole.

Emili. Pray you ſay nothing, pray you,
Who cannot feele, nor ſee the raine being in't,
Knowes neither wet, nor dry, if that you were
The ground-peece of ſome Painter, I would buy you
T'inſtruct me gainſt a Capitall greefe indeed
Such heart peirc'd demonſtration; but alas
Being a naturall Sifter of our Sex
Your ſorrow beates ſo ardently upon me,
That it ſhall make a counter reflect gainſt
My Brothers heart, and warme it to ſome pitty
Though it were made of ſtone: pray have good con

Theſ. Forward to'th Temple, leave not out a Iot
O'th ſacred Ceremony.

1. *Qu.* O This Celebration
Will long laſt, and be more coſtly then,
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame
Knowles in the eare, o'th world: what you doe quic
Is not done raſhly; your firſt thought is more,
Then others laboured meditance: your premeditatin
More then their actions: But oh Iove, your actions
Soone as they mooves as Aſprayes doe the fiſh,
Subdue before they touch, thinke, deere *Duke* think
What beds our ſlaine Kings have.

2. *Qu.* What greifes our beds
That our deere Lords have none.

3, *Qu.* None fit for'th dead:
Thoſe that with Cordes, Knives, drams precipitance,
Weary of this worlds light, have to themſelves
Beene deathes moſt horrid Agents, humaine grace
Affords them duſt and ſhaddow.

1. *Qu.* But our Lords